i hate this part (but you're worth it, babe)

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by Zayrastriel

Summary

Hannibal is an Alpha. Will is a Beta who wishes he could be an Omega for him.

Series summary: Will Graham has no time for social constructs, no matter how grounded in biology they are. Hannibal approves, disapproves, and is occasionally exactly the same. (A set of unlinked oneshots.)

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

When Will was younger, he desperately wanted – yearned – to present as an Omega or Alpha. Because if he didn't belong in a society, at least he could belong to *something*.

Then he joined the police force and realised that being alone (and not forced into bonding by heat or circumstance) was probably the best option for him, really. So aside from a couple of one-night stands and awkward, brief relationships with girls who, he goes to bed alone, and wakes up that way.

As Will starts picking up strays, their warmly simple love like a beacon in the endless mundanity of Will's existence, he's thinking that if this is as close to belonging as he can get, he'll settle for that.

Of course, that's when Hannibal Lecter happens.

Will realises he doesn't actually want Alana over the table as Hannibal and he share that first breakfast. It's crazy that he ever could have convinced himself of that, when every smile and kind word Hannibal offers Will warms him to the core. Alana is kind as well; but her warmth glances off of Will's skin. It doesn't seep through his pores the way every bit of attention Hannibal offers him does.

It's also the moment he returns to that old craving for a different turn of biology, so there might actually be a chance that Hannibal could want him back. That biology could bring Will just a little closer to having some possibility of attracting Hannibal's interest. But it's a suicidal line of thinking. It's suicidal, but it's something Will can't shake off despite all his efforts.

That's probably why he takes that final step forwards to press his lips against Alana's – lets her want and arousal flood his mind like he can, if he tries hard enough, absorb it and make it his own.

The desire does seep through, does send blood flooding to his cock – but it's not for Alana's soft skin and silky hair. He does *want*, but he doesn't want the curve of breasts pressed against his chest, or the pliancy of perfectly moisturised lips.

I can't do this, Will thinks, as Alana says those same words. *Not anymore*.

There should probably be some sort of plan, but Will's mind is completely blank as he drives at breakneck speed towards Hannibal's house. So when the psychiatrist opens the door, Will can't stop himself.

"I kissed Alana Bloom," Will blurts out.

Hannibal blinks once, slowly, and that's the only indication Will gets of the fact that the man is actually surprised. "Coffee?" he offers with that damned smile, ushering Will inside the house.

It's tempting to take the distraction, but Will knows that if he does he's never going to get these words, balled up inside of him, out into the open where they need to be. "The thing is, I wasn't thinking of her," Will says instead in a stumbled rush. "I was thinking about you."

The smile on Hannibal's face fades, as the older man's expression becomes unreadable. Something twists inside Will's gut – but there's absolutely no way he can stop now.

"I want you," he continues, and he hates himself for the naked fear and bitterness in his voice, on display for Hannibal to see. "I've wanted you since…for a long time. I probably love you," and that one's new, Will hadn't even thought that before now. "And I know that I'm crazy and not even a…you know…so I know there's no chance in hell you could want me too. But I needed to say it."

Hannibal doesn't respond for a long, endless moment. Not even a flicker of expression in his eyes, not at all. "I see," is all he says when he does speak, finally. That's it.

Something inside Will *dies*, with a wail of despair. He wants to cry, like a high schooler who's been turned down by their first crush.

It's pathetic.

"I'll go now," he manages to choke out, and he turns to leave so he doesn't have to keep staring at that wall of non-emotion. "Jack can find me another psychiatrist-"

A hand closes around Will's wrist, cutting off his speech abruptly and guiding him to turn back around. "William," Hannibal says as he steps towards Will. Will instinctively edges backwards, but the man doesn't stop moving forwards – not even when Will is pressed up against the wall adjacent to his planned escape route.

"*Finally*."

Will only has time for a startled frown before Hannibal's mouth is crushing against his.

This isn't like the kiss with Alana. Kissing Alana was pleasant, in a distant sort of way. Hannibal gives Will no opportunity for distance, not when his tongue is ravaging Will's mouth with a controlled dominance that draws an embarrassingly loud moan from him. The Alpha seems to take that as encouragement – taking Will's wrists and pinning them above Will's head, easily holding them down with one of his own hands.

When Hannibal finally pulls away, Will can't stop himself from trying to chase the man's lips.

"So needy," Hannibal says with a hint of fond amusement. The only reason Will doesn't curl into himself in shame is the unmasked desire in Hannibal's eyes, fixed on Will's with a terrifying intensity. "It suits you beautifully."

Will doesn't know how to respond, but Hannibal saves him the effort. "I'm surprised you came to me," the psychiatrist continues. "I'd almost resigned myself to having to hold you down and give you what you were refusing to take."

That reminds Will of the firm grip around his wrists – draws his attention to the fact that, even if he wanted to, he couldn't hope to push Hannibal away. "I'm not an Omega," Will rasps out, mouth dry with *wanting*. "I didn't think you would…"

"You didn't think that I would want you," Hannibal finishes for him. "You thought that I would prefer to surrender to my…*natural urges*."

It hadn't even been a thought. It had been a statement of truth, in the same way that gravity exists. Alphas mate with Omegas, bond them and breed them. They connect in a way that Betas can't – are driven to connect in body and soul.

Will doesn't know how to say that, doesn't even want to. It's pathetic, but it's true. Even if Will had been born an Omega, he would have been too broken for Hannibal-

"Will," Hannibal says firmly, "look at me."

His eyes are closed, he realises with a start. He doesn't really want to open them – but Hannibal's voice commands obedience. When he does, it's to see Hannibal gazing at him with a mix of tenderness, exasperation, and lust.

Will feels suddenly warm under the psychiatrist's. It's uncomfortable but, oddly, not unpleasant.

"Why?"

It's not the clearest of questions, but Hannibal understands. He always understands. "Because I would be a fool to choose the desires of my biology over the wonder that is you, Will."

"Don't say that," Will mumbles.

"Why not?" Hannibal asks. "You had your moment of honesty; now this is mine. I had not known it was possible to desire anything as much as I desire you."

"I don't…" Will starts, helplessly, but he doesn't know what to follow that with. *I don't believe you*? Maybe that. Hannibal wouldn't lie to him about this, but –

"There is not much of the world I have not seen," Hannibal continues. "There have been many people who have passed through my life. Never have I wanted any of them. Mating has never been my desire. You are."

"I am?"

There's no hiding his scepticism, but Will thinks he might regret it when a flash of irritation, and then somewhat worrying amusement, shows in Hannibal's eyes.

"If you will allow me the chance," Hannibal murmurs, leaning down to whisper the words straight into Will's ear, "I will endeavour to convince you."

It will be so bad, Will knows, when Hannibal wakes up tomorrow and realises that Will isn't a *wonder*. It'll hurt more than being rejected would have.

But… *I will endeavour to convince you.*

“Tonight?” Will asks.

Hannibal pulls away from Will’s ear to regard him. “Oh,” he says musingly, lips curved in a smile, “I believe it will take more than one night.”

Will can’t help but smile back. “What are you anticipating, then?”

He means it as a (partial) joking attempt at flippancy, but Hannibal’s smile deepens, turns oddly gentle. “I am fully prepared to commit to the cause.”

Despite everything, Will thinks he might actually believe that.

End Notes

Should probably start writing some of these from Hannibal's PoV...

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